The space occupied by ten lines of this ype (Nomparell) shall constitute a square.

DEMOCRATIC PRI

The Old Reading Class

BY WILL CARLETON.

read so free Would scarce have recognized their work in District Number Three

Outside the snow was smooth and clean-the

Winter's thick-fail dust;
The storm it made the windows speak at every

We took a hand at History-its altars, spires

every joint; And many authors that we love, you with me

You recollect Susannah Smith, the teacher's

sore distress. Who never stopped at any pause—a sort of day

express? And timid young Slyvester Jones, of inconsist-

plastering all to crack?

And Andrew Tubbs, whose various mouths

were quite a show to see?
I we cannot find them now in District
Number Three.

Harper's Magazine for September.

AUNTIE'S QUEEN.

I was fishing; but, although for many

hours I had set by the water's edge pa-tiently holding the rod, I, as yet, had

not caught anything.
This did not make me unhappy; the

clear and sunny, all Nature appearing

in her brightest and loveliest robes, that

eep reverie, a sudden pull at my lin

had at least got a bite.

ootsteps approaching.

furned to my rod.

her hand.

nasket.

roused me to the consciousness that I

Cautiously 1 drew the line from the

to land, and with a sigh of mingled

elief and triumph, I put him in the

To my surprise, I heard the sigh soft

ly echoed behind me. I had been so in-tent on my work that I had not heard

Turning bastily, I saw, not the boy

For a moment surprise held mesilent.

Supposing her friends to be some

where near and anxious to try my fuel

voice fell on my ears I looked up. She was standing beside me, gazing

thoughtfully into the water, quietly

"Well?" I answered, scarcely know-

ing what to say, and feeling my dignity

a trifle hurt at being addressed so un

eremoniously.
"I'se lost," she said gravely, solemnly,still with her deep blue eyes fixed on

glancing hastily round, saw that indeed

if she had come with friends they were

not here now, no trace of human form

and meadows lying around.

golden head sagely.
"Where do you live?"

nswered right.

are you always called?"

Take me home, little boy."

my fishing materials.

of my rod, etc.

went in search of him.

was visible in the wide extent of fields

"Yes," she repeated, "I'se lost."
"But—but," I stammered, utterly

A puzzled look crept into her eyes,

"Don't you know where you live?"

aid, seeing she did not understand my

"Auntie Queen," she answered.
I could not help smiling at her sim-

olicity, she seemed so sure of having

"But I mean your right name. What

"Auntie calls me Queenie," said she

pathetically, tears coming into the

bright blue eyes, and the rosy lips quiv-

ering, "I want my auntie. I'm lost.

I quickly jumped to my feet, seeing

that a storm was threatening, and I had

all a boy's horror of tears.
"Yes, yes," I said soothingly; "I will

take you home," hastily gathering up

face; she waited until I had finished,

then confidently slipped her tiny hand

in mine, dancing lightly over the mossy

I hardly knew what to do, but thought

Acting on this thought, I soon arrived

He was alone in the library busily

at the place where my uncle lived.

with a kind smile when I entered.

Smiles once more broke over her

"What is your name, little

and she looked inquiringly at me.

swinging a large white sun-bonnet it

again, with a last look at the tiny child,

"Little boy." As the clear babyish

Never before, all through the bright

expected, but a little golden-haired

RAVENNA, O., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1883. Von. 16, No. 8.

WHOLE No. 788.

Election Day

BORTAGE CO. OFFICIAL REGISTER

Osmmon Place Judge George F. Arret, Youngstown; W. T. Spenr, Warren, Ohlo.

Representative de Legislature & S. S. Woodworth, Windham, Ohlo. Probate Judge - Cornellus A, Reed, Ravenna, O, in Many Clarks John Porter, Ravenna.
County Andrior - LeGrand Olin, Ravenna.
County Transurer - Nathan H. Smith, Ravenna.
Sharif - William Witcox, Ravenna.
Behorder - Philo Bierce, Ravenna.
Prosecuting attorney - Joseph D. Horton, Rav'a
Commissioners - Paris C. Nichols, Garrettsville;
A. B. Morrill, Newton
Falls; Edgar Whittlebey Atwater

Falls; Edgar Whittlessey, Atwater

Infrmary Directors—Amr. Wilmot, Mantua, O;
Charles R. Doolittle,
Streetsboro, O.; F. W.
County Surveyor—Jededish Cole, Garrettsville,
Coroner—Alfred H. Barlow, Rootstown, O.
School Esquiners—O. F. Itaymaker, Eariville;
D. D. Pickett, Ravenna;
John Meharg, Ravenna

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tention Guaranteed.

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Atwater Sylvester A. Hinman, H. H. Woolf.
Asrova - John L. Thompson, R. P. Cannon,
Brimfield J. L. Carrier, C. H. Chapman,
Quariestown - Ametin F. Curtiss, William Fox,
Ibsorfaid C. S. Tibbals, J. D. Hoffman.
Ibsorfaid C. S. Tibbals, J. D. Hoffman.

Equilibrium - Ametin F. Curtiss, William Fox,
Ibsorfaid C. S. Tibbals, J. D. Hoffman.

Equilibrium Fox Bushell, Nolson Barber, John
Bentley, Sen.

Presion - Evman Fryant, Henry C. Jennings,
Garrelasville - Rollin S. Webb, H. N. Merwin
Birson - Richard M. Hank, H. A. Dyson.

Montana C. D. Ingell Horace Laid,

Molson - L. S. Nicholson, George E. Hedger,
Pharmyra - LeRoy In mark, T. W. Thomas, C. N.
Merwin

Parayra—Lekoy Themas, T. W. Thomas,
Merwin
Paris—Richard Morris, Michael Jones,
Kantolph—Zophur A. Davis, N. C. Seara,
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Action P. Sperra,
Michaelma—A. H. Barlow, J. W. Hall.
Steelstone—A. H. Barlow, J. W. Hall.
Steelstony—Wallace Root, C. W. Stuart,
Sagath—William Faulus, M. O. Martin
Richam—John B. Harrison, L. B. Roed,
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Culty Lodge, No. 12, F, and A. M. gets the second and fourth Mondays of each Tyrian Chapter, No: 91, R. A. M. Meets the third Monday of each month, it Masonie Hall, Phonix Block. M. H. CARTER, M. E. H. P.

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on Fauraday Evening at 7.30.
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Havenna, March 30, 1883 762-2m

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lifting the shy downcast tace, he gazen earnestly at her.

As he did so a sudden startled look came into his eyes, and he drew the

annot tell you, Genevieve, how oft it comes child closer to him. That rather young old reading class in District
Number Three. "How like!" I heard him murmer, and involuntarily his eyes settled on the but row of elecutionists who stood so straight fair pictured face of a young girl smil-And charged at standard literature with amining from the dark oaken wall. We give the meaning of the text by all the light we had:
But still I fear the one who wrote the lines we

familiar to me. It was a babyish likeness of my consfive years before, when I was very young, had married without her father's tion in some such terms as this: consent, gone from him into a strange

The storm it made the windows speak at every sudder guss;
Bright sleigh-bells threw us pleasant words when travelers would pass;
The maple-trees along the road stood shivering in their cass;
Beyond, the white-browed cottages were nesting cold and dumb,
And far away the mighty world seemed beek-"Who are you?" he said in a strange husky voice. "What is your name?" "Auntie's Queen," she murmured tearfully, shrinking away from the grey piercing eyes fixed so searchingly upon And far away the mighty world seemed beck-oning us to come—
The wondrous world, of which we conned what had been and what might be.
In that old-fashioned reading class of District Number Three. her. Then, with a sob, "I want to go

"There, there, don't cry," uncle said astily. "Take her away, Ned. I will hastily. "Take her away, Ned. I will try and find out to whom she belongs." And picking up her bonnet, he becan clumsily to tie it under her dimpled As he did so a fine gold chain, clasped

round her throat, got entangled on his fingers and came unfastened. Attached to it was a tiny locket, set with pearls on one side, and on the other the initials "L. G." "Perhaps this will help us to find her

friends," and opening it, uncle gave a low cry of mingled joy and surprise. Glancing at the open locket, I saw a dark handsome man, and a fair girlish And finial young Styvester Jones, or meonsise-ent sight.

Who stumbled on the easy words, and read the hard ones right?

And Jeanie Green, whose doleful voice was al-ways clothed in black?

And Samuel Hick, whose tones induced the face smiling at me. "It is Cousin Lily," I cried impulsively, and that

"Is her husband, Philip Grantly," nnele said in joyful accents. "At last I have found tokens of my darling, and this, I feel sure, is her child;" and drawing the little girl into his arms, he kissed r passionately.

And Jasper Jonekes, whose tears would flow "Where is your mother, dear?"

A sad look stole into the clear blue And Jasper Jonekes, whose tears would flow at each pathetic word (He's in the peize-fight business now, and hit's them hard, I've heard); And Beny Bayne, whose every tone he mur-mured as in fear (His tongue is not so timid now; he is an eyes, and she gazed reverently upward. "Mamma's in heaven," she said soft-"and papa too." For a moment the grey head rested

auctioneer);
And Lanty Wood, whose voice was just endeavoring hard to change.
And leaped from boarse to fiercely shrill with on the golden one; it was a disappointment, when he had thought he had found his child, to hear she was dead. most surprising range;
Also his sist r Mary, so full of prudish gice.
Alas! they're hoth in higher schools than District Number Three. Ere the day was over, uncle had So back these various voices come, though long the years have grown.

And sound uncommonly distinct through Memory's telephone:

Memory's telephone:

parents' place, loving Lily almost as parents' place, loving Lily almost as much as their own child, a bonny boy And some are full of melody, and bring a sense And some can smite the rock of time, and sum- of two. What they told uncle confirmed,

mon forth a tear; mon forth a tear; as sweet voice comes back to me, whenwithout any doubt, his suspicions, and Hemp and Rag
Office and China Matting.
Rugs and Mats of All Sorts.

But one sweet voice comes back to me, whenever such a grieve.
And sings a song, and that is yours, 0 peer less
Genetics:
In bright never but the olden times, and throws a single at me—
A silver star amid the clouds of District Number only relative.

But one sweet voice comes back to me, whenever with the little girl, they doubt, his suspicions, and although they felt sorry at parting with the little girl, they could not but give her up to the care of her grandfather, her only relative. the little girl, they could not but give her up to the care of her grandfather, her only relative.

etting with some new contrivance or other, and spent his money in paying for material to work out his invention. He used to take press in Memphis. He

the grey-haired man who was so tender and devoted to her.

As for me, I was delighted at the result of my discovery of the child.

The happiest days of my life are those

This made one of the papers up there, I

by the presence of a golden-haired fairy, and she returns my boyish adorations The pretty name of "Queenie" still funny pictures in his telegraphic news clings to her now the only relic of those

day was so fine and warm, the sky so with tender love. the mere pastime of lying idly on the mossy bank, watching the sparkling waters, was a great enjoyment in itself. Just, however, as I had fallen into a always "Lily," and in her happy inno-cent childhood he lives over and over die of winter, the manager of the office. again the time when her mother was his linding he was an expert, hired him to heart's durling, before she bade fare- keep the repeaters in order. Edison well to the guardian of her youth, never worked a part of two days, and then more to meet until the day when all are was caught by the manager of the office

What Mrs. Grundy Says. That a great deal of the fun peop have on excursions is imaginary. That at lawn tennis nowadays ther

s much more flirtation than scientific play. That all Newport talks about is the reported trouble between a six-months married pair.

accept her dogs. tion to his own wife. That nowadays a fashionable young

been so foolish. Europe at a great rate. not regarded as fashionable for seaside physician to moderate the temperature

piazza reading. That ladies at the seaside complain to have less inconvenience for the ston that salt air plays havoe with their artificial complexions.

That the troubles of people in fashionable life seem to increase now with

to travel in a straw hat. That there are plenty of cottages still to let at Long Branch, Newport and other fashionable resorts. That there are now signs of the wan-

taken aback by the child's serone com-posure, "what brought you here?" "Nobody; I lost myself," shaking her That fashionable women anxious for notoriety now do the most improper and unheard of tricks. That the cheapest boarders at the watering-place hotels are the ones who make the greatest trouble. That one of the worst evils at Long Branch is the gambling houses, kep open in defiance of the law. That it is remarked that an unusually

season has been so large.

large number of people at the watering places are in mourning.

That the young lady from the city who plays the piano is now in demand at country boarding houses. That Stock Exchange brokers' wives York Mail and Express.

A ray of joy shines upon the pathway of the elderly belle whose physician inh best to go home first, and rid myself or into them, and the frozen yellow and blue tinges will be hidden from the will submit to the infliction. Come in!" t the place where my uncle lived.

"Perhaps uncle knows where she for the place and old gold cheeks"

"The place where my uncle knows where she for the place and old gold cheeks to the place where my uncle knows where she for the place and old gold cheeks to the place with the place where my uncle knows where she for the place with the midden from the place with the place where my uncle knows where she is the place where my uncle knows where she is the place where my uncle knows where she is the place where my uncle knows where she is the place where my uncle knows where she is the place where my uncle knows where she is the place where my uncle knows where she is the place where my uncle knows where she is the place where my uncle knows where she is the place where my uncle knows where she is the place where my uncle knows where she is the place where my uncle knows where she is the place where my uncle knows where she is the place where my uncle knows where she is the place where my uncle knows where she is the place where the place whe res," I thought, and having triumphlike, ocean-defying snow white and antly given my fish over to the cook, I rose red, fair and fresh as the blushes of dawn. 'The damsel who has hitherwriting some letters but he looked up to emerged from the waves grim and "Well, Ned," he said, "have you spent fair. - Boston Courier.

a pleasant morning, caught anything?"
"Yes; one lish," I answored. Then
drawing my they charge into the room,
I added: "And I have found a little lost girl. Do you know who she belongs to? Uncle looked at the mite with an Uncle looked at the mite with an amused smile.

I really can't tell you. Let me see your face, little one," he said, taking the big bonnet off the golden curis; then,

Raiding the Sutler. A famous and favorite kind of sport, especially when we had been lying in camp for some time in summer, or were established in winter quarters, was what

was known as "raiding the sutler." The sutler's establishment was a large wall tent, which was usually pitched on I saw the same resemblance which the side of the camp farthest away from had struck him, and no longer wonder-ed that the child's face had seemed fore, in a somewhat exposed and tempting position. Whenever it was thought well to raid him, the men of his own in, the only child of my uncle, who, regiment would make to the men of some neighboring regiment a proposi-

"You fellows come over here some country, and has never been heard of night and raid our sutler, and we'll come over to your camp some night and raid yours. Will you do it?" "This courteous offer of friendly offices was usually agreed to; and great was the sport which often resulted. For. when all was duly arranged and made ready, on a dark night when the sutler was sleeping soundly in his tent, a skirmish line from the neighboring regiment would cautiously pick its way down the hill and through the brush, shook their heads, and maintained that and silently surround the tent. One these mysterious letters were the initials party, creeping close in by the wall of the tent, would loosen the ropes and re-move them from the stakes on one side, while another party on the other side, while another party on the other side, at a given signal, would pull the whole the era in which our bread had been concern down over the sutler's head. baked.

blind eye to the telescope and declared he did not see the signal to cease firing.

Edison as an Operator.

"Edison used to work the other end of circuit with me," says a telegraph operator interviewed in the Vicksburg Herald, "and I knew him when he was in Memphis some thirteen or fourteen years ago. He always looked ratty and never spent his money on clothes, but the reason was that he was always tinkering with some new contrivance or was as fast as they make 'em, and his ing her "auntie," as she still insisted on calling her, but she soon grew to love of trouble. He had a way while waitbeing fired by the manager. Edison didn't want the fool editor to print his past days, though to my uncle she is ment. When he went to Boston with water, at the end of which I could see the white gates of the white form of a fine fish.

The next moment I had got him safely to land, and with a sigh of mingled What Mrs. Grandy Says.

What Mrs. Grandy Says.

Gathously I drew the line from the water and the great white gates of fooling with some contrivance of his own. Thought I hired you to keep those repeaters in order, said the manager. You did, said Edison, but I've put a kink or two into them that will make

them keep themselves in order.' From that day his fortune was made."

A Rival of Quinine. German medical journals discuss new medical agent lately discovered by Prof. Fischer, of Munich. In the course That milady finds a good deal of of a long series of investigations controuble to get Summer hotel-keepers to cerning the nature and action of qui-That a great curiosity at Newport is the married man who pays any attennine, he found that by means of a series crystalline powder, from coal tar, which That nowadays a fashionable young greatly resembles quinine in its action lady must have a parasol to match every on the human organism. Fischer has Costume.

That American girls who wed titled Englishmen soon wish they had not served, is the rapid dimunition of fever That large numbers of American described as remarkable. It is believed dergymen are now hurrying around that it will render the use of ice in fever cases unnecessary, and that its That cheap paper colored novels are skillful employment will enable the of the patient. Kairin is also reported does not show-as yet, at least-that it possesses that tonic and restorative influence for which quinine is so frequentdisgusting rapidity.

That it is not considered the proper thing for the young swell of the period view, the most valuable thing about the new discovery is that it seems to bring us nearer to finding out the chemical nature of quinine itself and the true character of its agency. The discovery ing of the exodus to Europe, which this of kairin established, under the direc tion of Prof. Laubenheimer, of Glessen But, as it is said that the cost of pro ducing a kilogramme (about 351 ounces) of the new agent is £15, it will be some time before its patrons can hope

practical pharmacy. A Reporter's Strange Position. President Rutter, of the New York Central railroad, is a spare, sparrowy sort of man, with large eyes which lie outward as if they took in too much of the world to be satisfied in their cavities. Referring to the press and interconcerning a journal which is always wish stocks would go up so that they could have some new clothes.—New view, etc., etc., as follows: "I was ··I was coming home at a late hour not long ago with my wife and had just descend-To Make Maidens Forever Young and ed from my carriage and got to the foot of my steps, when a man bounded up there in the darkness, and made me think he was an assassin. I was actusists upon sea bathing, but whose com- ally going to strike him with the butt of plexion savors painfully of the antique.

A friend of humanity—a Frenchman, of course—has invented a set of cosmetics that resists the effect of saltwater to but they sent me back three times. You wash them off or injure the delicacy of can appreciate my position?" I did their bloom, so that the well-rouged will come out all rosy and blushing, or as if the bathing had put health and vig- So I said: 'You are not to blame. To

A Fisherman's Soliloquy. "Singular," mused an old Delaware fisherman as he sat picking bones out of himself like pin feathers after dinpallid as a damaged mermaid too long kept on exhibition may now rise, like a new Aprodite, percentially seems and a shadder hain't got nary a one. I kain't understand no sich o' new Aprodite, perennially young and grammer like that, no how. Marthy Ann, whur's them thar nets you 'lowed Commercial travelers or drummers tide?" And as the cares of life surged sometimes meet with a questioner who over his soul once more all contemplaparalyzes them. A certain Boston tion of the normal structure passed drummer felt all tore up when, in his from his busy mind, even as an ephem-

Hard-Tack. As I write, there lies before me on ny table an innocent-looking cracker, which I have faithfully preserved for years. It is about the size and has the

appearance of an ordinary sods biscult. If you take it in your hand, you will find it somewhat heavier than an ordinary biscuit, and if you bite it—but, no; I will not let you bite it, for I wish to see how long I can keep it. But if you were to reduce it to a fine powder, you would find that it would absorb a greater quantity of water than an equal weight of ordinary flour. You would also observe that it is very hard. This you may, perhaps, think is to be attributed to its great age. But if you imag-ine that its age is to be measured only ine that its age is to be measured only by the years which have elapsed since the war, you are greatly mistaken; for there was a common belief among the boys that our hard-tack had been baked long before the commencement of the Christian era! This opinion was based upon the fact that the letters a c. were stamped on many, if not, in-deed, all of the cracker boxes. To be

And then would arise yells and cheers for a few moments, followed by immediate silence, as the raiding party would steal quietly away.

Daked.

For our hard-tack were very hard. It was difficult to break them with the teeth. Some of them you could not fracture with your first. Still, there was

would steal quietly away.

Did they steal his goods? Very seldom. For soldiers were not thieves, and plunder was not the object, but only fun. Why did not the officers punish the men for doing this? Well, sometimes they did. But sometimes the officers believed the sutler to be exortive power to understand how to pook the officers believed the sutler to be exortive power to understand how to pook the officers. bitant in his charges and oppressive to the men, and cared little how soon he was cleared out and sent a packing; and therefore they enjoyed the sport quite as well as the men, and often imitated Nelson's example when he put his fifteen was the limit of the gulinary art They winked at the frolic, and came on the scene usually in ample time to condole with the sutler, but quite too late to do him any service. Section to 18 to do him any service. - September St.

them somewhat more palatable, you simply cut down a slice of nice fat pork, laid the pork on your cracker, put a spoonful of brown sugar on top of the pork, and you had a dish fit for a— soldier. Of course, the pork had just come out of the pickie, and was consequently quite raw. When we halted for coffee, we sometimes had fricasseed hard-tack—prepared by toasting them before the hot coals. When, as was generally the case on a march, our hard-tack had been broken into small salt and sutler's pepper, thus making

what was commonly known as a flying loose, sleeves and all, as if thrown hishy-hashy," or a "thot-fired stew." on in haste; the girls bareheaded; the Thus you see what vast and unsuspected possibilities reside in this innocent-looking three-and-a-half inch square hard-tack lying here on my ta-ble before me. Three like this speci-men made a meal, and nine were a raspend at the Manor, now brightened forgot which, red hot, and it opened on the presence of a golden-haired faired faired him and had a good deal to do with his tion; and this is what fought the battles of the Union .- St. Nicholas for

A Scene on the Cara on adain at Across the sisle from me rode a lov-Across the aisle from me rode a loving couple. The trip was six hours
long, all by daylight, and this pair were
as nearly one as the laws of physique
and space would permit. She reclined
on his shoulder for naps, and changed
her position when awake without getting much farther from him. Their hands were clasped a good deal, and al-together—so I remarked to my traveling companion—they gave no room for doubt that they were husband and wife. I called attention to their entire lack of shamefacedness, their calm disregard of observation, as sufficient proof of marital relationship. They had the unspeakable air of being able, if required, to show documentary evidence of the right to do what they were doing. Sepalpable was this to the other passen-

palpable was this to the other passengers that no particular attention was paid to their coddling, whereas if there had been the slightest indication of sentimentality all eyes would have been fixed upon them. So justifiable was their conduct deemed that nobody but myself, probably, noticed that they drew apart on the train approaching the Grand Central depot, that she smoothed her toilet, while he grew quite deferential. Then I heard him say something that refuted my conception of hing that refuted my conception of

"Will your husband be at the depot waiting for you?" he asked.
"O yes," she replied; "he is always attentive.

And all the time she looked too innocent to deceive, much less to succeed at it to the extent of fooling a woman, as she had me. It is easy enough to get the best of an absent husband, but not often is it possible to hoodwink a present member of your own sex. Clara Belle's Letter. Al gipd to maley add encor

A wigmaker talked me into a secret the other day. It was becoming fash-ionable, he said, for women to wear wigs. Wigs are not worn to cover up baldness, or because the hair is thin, but

Wigs for Women.

to save trouble and as a precaution against accident. A woman who has against accident. A woman in a straight hair is just now out of fashion as far as her head goes. She must crimp her hair and paste it into little waves and puffs around her forehead and down the sides of her head. This requires great care, and becomes bur-densome after a time. Besides hair that is not inclined to curl at all is apt to defy crimping pins and pomade and straighten out at an inopportune mo-ment. The wigmaker, therefore, has come to the rescue of women so unfor-tunate as to have rebellious hair. He makes wigs that may be worn on the front of the head, between the line of the forehead and the crown. The false hair is crimped and never straightens out. Her Head Got Turned.

"Perry Pensell" writes in the Boston Traveller: "By way of telling what eflect the world has upon a woman, let me tell what it has for a woman whose name is known from East to West, in every home where good literature is seen. About fifteen years ago she began to write. Each bit was her best. gan to write. Each bit was her best, a book that stirred this country and England, it was said: 'The next book she writes will be the great American novel; she is the best writer of our country.' She was the worshipped woman of the finest, most learned, most cultivated society of the city where she lived. Then she met some gayer people in this life of ovation; more showy, but less true. Her head got turned; her ideas and her ideals became changed, and some perby the publishers as being too sugges-tive! The woman who of all America could have had her country at her feet, wears upon her arm as a bracelet the collar of the smallest pug dog in the world, given her by a senseless fop of this very city. The duties she owes her husband, if not the husband himself, are forgotten in the gay whirl of the world into which her desire for a name pity bet

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How Things appear to the Insane-The first that I remember of my attack was while I was riding in a railroad car. It seemed to me that the

passengers in the forward part were getting up amateur theatricals. The fact that this did not surprise me, nor spear at all out of place, illustrates one curious feature of insunity, and that is, its close similarity in many respects to dreaming. It is well known that the strange phantasmagoria attendant upon most of our dreams never strikes as at the time as at all astonishing, illogical, or contradictory, because the critical faculty in sleep is partially and perhaps wholly dormant. And so also s it in insanity. And as a sound or a touch will suggest or give direction to an ordinary dream, so everything that occurs within the sight or hearing of an nsane man effects him in a like manner. Also, he has no more control over his words and actions, when the insanity is complete, than a somnambulist. And, when a patient comes to himself, after having been insane, he feels as if he had been having a long and, sometimes s very unpleasant dream. Some of my delusions were of a frightful character, and resembled a nightmare more than anything else; but more often they were by no means disagreeable. Of course, seemed strange to me afterward that I could have been carried away bush absurdities. At one time I thought that the end of the world had come, and that the day of judgement was at hand. This was somewhat remarkable, because I had not for years been a be-liever in the scriptural prophecies relating to those two events. Nor had I any faith in the doctrine that there is a hell of fire: yet, in imagination, I visited that place of torment, and witnessed the tortures of the dammed—without, however, getting scorebed myself. Some strange conceits, that I had come across in books, occasionally suggested across in books, occasionally suggested material for my mind to work on. I saw men whose souls I believed had been taken from their bodies, leaving behind the intelligent personal identity—an idea suggested by a character described in Bulwer's "Strange Story." Again, I thought that demons occasionally reanimated human bodies after death; and this fancy I must have got from a dramatic work by Bishop Coxe, entitled "Saul," in which the evil spirit

entitled "Saul," in which the evil spirit sent to trouble that unfortunate monarch reanimated and took possession of the body of a priest whom Saul had slain. I mention these instances as serving to show the dream-like character of insanity. - Pop. Science Monthly. The Newhaven Fishwives. Most picturesque of all the figures to be seen in Edinburgh are the Newhaven fishwives. With short, full, blue cloth petticoats, reaching barely to their ankles; white blouses and gay kerchiefs; big. long-sleeved cloaks of the same us cloth, fastened at the throat, but on in haste; the girls bareheaded; the ing up stiff and straight in a point on he top of the head; two big wickerwork creeks, one above the other, full of fish, packed securely, on their broad thoulders, and held in place by a stout

leather strap passing round their fore-heads, they pull along at a steady, striding gait, up hill and down, carry-ing weights that it taxes a man's ing weights that it taxes a man's strength merely to lift. In fact, it is a fishwive's boast that she will run with a weight which it takes two men to put on her back. By reason of this great strength on the part of the women, and their immemorial habit of exercising it; perhaps also from other causes far back in the earlier days of Jutland, where these curious Newhaven fishing folk are said to have originated, it has come about that the Newhaven men are sin-gularly docile and submissive race. The wives keep all the money which they re-ceive for the fish, and the husbands take what is given them, —a sigular reversion of the situation in most communities. I did not believe this when it was teld me, so I stopped three fish-wives one day, and without mincing matters, put the question direct to them. Two of them were young, one old. The young women laughed saucily, and and the old woman smiled, but they all replied unhesitatingly, that they had the spending of all money.

"It's a spent i' the hoos," said one,

analous not to be thought too selfish,—
'it's a' spent i' the hoos. The men,
they cam home an' tak their sleep, an'
then they'll be aff again."

"It 'ud never do for the husbands to
stop in the city, an' be spendin' a' the
money," added the old woman, with severe emphasis.

Whoever would see the Newhaven fishwives at their best must be on the Newhaven wharf by seven o'clock in the merning, on a day when then the travlers come in and the fish is sold. The cone is a study for a painter.

The fish are in long, narrow boxes, on the wharf, ranged at the base of the en wall; some sorted out, in piles, each kind by itself: skates, with their long tails, which look vicious, as if they could kick, hake, witches, brill, sole, floun-ders, huge catfish, crayfish, and herrings by the ton. The wall is crowded with men, Edinburgh fishmongers, come to buy chesp on the spot. The wall is not over two feet wide, and here they stand, lean over, jostle, slip by to right and left of each other, and run up and down in their eager haste to catch the eye of one auctioneer, or to get first speech with another. The wharf is crowded with women,—an army in blue, two hundred, three hundred at a time; white caps bobbing, elbows thrusting, shrill voices crying, fiery blue eyes shining, it is a sight worth going to Scotland for. If one has had an affection for Christie Johnstone, it is a delightful return of his old admiration for her, A dozen faces which might be Christie's own are flashing up from the crowd; one understands on the instant how that best of good stories came to be written. A man with eyes in his head and a pen in his hand could not have done less. Such fire, such hones-ty, such splendor of vitality, kindle the women's faces. To spend a few days among them would be to see Christie Johnstone dramatized on all sides.

The German medical journals are discussing a new medical agent, recently discovered by Professor Fisher, of Munich. In the course of a long series of investigations concerning the nature and action of quinine, he found that by means of certain chemical transformations, a substance can be obtained, in the form of a white crystaline powder, from cosl tar, which greatly resembles quinine in its action on the human orthe name of "kairin." The chief effect produced by it appears to be the diminution of feverheat, and in this respect it bids fair to be useful. It is ever cases unnecessary. Kairin is also said to be less unpleasant to the stomach

James Underhill, of Mexico, Oswege James Underhill, of Mexico, Oswege county. N. Y., has an English verge-watch, which was made by Charles Taylor, of London, in 1736. Mr. Underhill received it sixty years ago from his grandfather, who, to preserve it during the Revolutionary War, removed a stone from his cellar wall and put the watch in, then replaced the stone. It remains and a reputation have led her. She is a woman of the working world. God in its hiding-place about two years, it is still in good running order and keeps good time,

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